

PINES  
COMICS



# Dennis

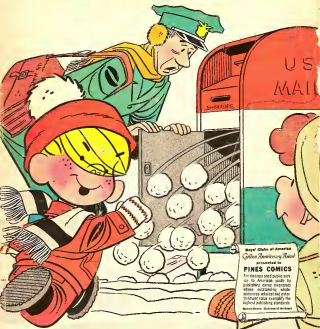
# The MENACE

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

No. 26



10c



Boys' Clubs of America  
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**PINES COMICS**  
For always entertaining comic  
books to American youth by  
publishing comic material  
which sustains high  
standards of character  
and interest value, especially the  
highest publishing standards.  
National Service Award selected



**"SOMETHING SHADY!"**

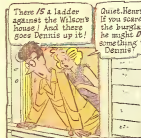
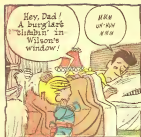


**THUMP  
BUMP**

**IT'S A BURGLAR!  
CLIMBIN' IN THE  
WILSON'S WINDOW!**



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.  
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.



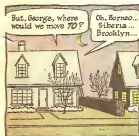












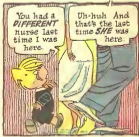
# DENNIS

VS THE

# DOCTOR



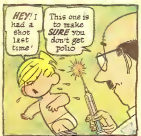
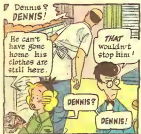












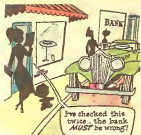


Look, son... Mother and I are going to get shots, too! *WE* don't mind 'em!



# Punky












I spotted these boys coming in here. They're wanted in Dallas for bank robbery. Good thing your vault was locked - gave me time to get help!



I'm glad your account was short, or the bank would be **VERY** short!

Don't thank me.. thank Punky. **HE** closed the vault door!

Xpfg?



That's right! He deserves some sort of reward!

Well, there /S something here like!

Pf if bp

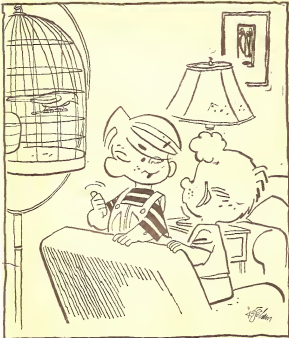


**LET US IN!**

Be patient folks. I'm paying off a reward!

**I'M ON MY LUNCH HOUR!**

# Colorin' Time!



\* I LIKE HIM. HE WON'T TAKE A BATH FOR *NOBODY!* \*

# TYPED in TERROR



THE two men didn't look like fishermen to Charlie Hodges. They didn't dress, or look, or act as if they had ever been away from the city streets.

True, Charlie and his father were from the city, too, just spending the weekend at Los Laureles Lodge.

fishing. But even Charlie could cast a line better than either of those two men. The strange thing about them was that neither of them—the way, hatchet-faced one, and the beefy man with the little pug eyes—seemed to be enjoying himself. They seemed tense, nervous; and no matter where Charlie and his father went, the strange pair was always around.

Charlie mentioned them to his father that Saturday night, in their little cabin at the far end of the Lodge grounds.

"Well, yes, I have noticed them," Mr. Hodges admitted. "This hardly seems the place for them, does it? But maybe it's time they got out in the woods and learned to fish." He chuckled at Charlie's concern. "Don't go imagining they're a couple of escaped convicts, or something. You read too many mystery stories."

And Mr. Hodges turned back to the battered old typewriter he always carried with him and continued typing away at some of the work he had brought along. He was vice-president of the Midtown National Bank, and always had some work to do over weekends. He hadn't remembered Charlie. Charlie did read a lot of mystery stories, but he was sure he wasn't imagining things about these two men. He didn't imagine the fact that they were always around, that they didn't seem to be there just for the fishing. And he wasn't imagining the strange, scary feeling he got whenever one of them caught his eye. Charlie knew there was something wrong about them—something wrong and evil!

The next morning Sunday, he and his father went to church in the little village early. They wanted to get in as much fishing as they could before driving back to the city later in the day. And sure enough, there

were the strange pair, too, sitting in the back of the church. Charlie could feel their eyes on him all through the service. As they drove back to the lodge, Charlie looked back and saw the two men following them in their flashy convertible.

"They're still following us, Dad," he said excitedly. "They were in church, and now they're right behind us!"

"I can see them in the mirror," his father told him a little impatiently. "Anybody can see the roads, Charlie. Anybody can go to church, or go fishing. Stop worrying, will you? Just think about those big rainbow trout we're going to catch for Mother to cook for us tonight."

But as they fished through the morning, Charlie couldn't help but watch the two men out of the corner of his eye as they lattered upstream. They were just pretending to fish, that he was sure of.

"Huh!" his father asked. "Wake up! Didn't you see that big fellow jump at your fly? Stop dreaming, son!"

Charlie just wished he was dreaming, and that these two men weren't so terrifyingly real.

At lunch in the main building of the Lodge, he hardly noticed what he was eating, although the two men, in the far corner of the dining room, seemed to pay him no attention as they wolfed their food. Charlie heaved a sigh of relief when the two left, and he discovered he was eating strawberry shortcake, his favorite dessert. He grinned at Mrs. Brock, who with her husband owned the Lodge, passed by.

"Sure is good cake, Mrs. Brock," he called.

"Thank you," she said. "Come back next weekend, and we'll make some more for you."

"Finish up, son," Mr. Hodges told him. "We still have to get out things at the cabin, and I want to get home before dark."

Walking to their cabin, Charlie was glad to be leaving. Next time they came, he thought, the two men wouldn't be there, and he and his Dad could really have fun. He grinned open the cabin door—and froze.

"Come in, kid. You too, Mr. Hodges. And Ed will be out in a while. It was in this hatchet-faced man sitting in his father's chair, and his beefy friend was sprawled on Charlie's bed. Stunned, Mr. Hodges pushed Charlie ahead of him into the cabin and shut the door.





"What—what is this?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

The thin man grinned around stained teeth. "Call us Smith and Jones, I'm Smith, and my pal's Jones. Or maybe it's the other way around. We're interested in your line of business."

Then Charlie saw the man was holding some of his father's papers. "Hey, those are bank papers," he said. "You're not supposed to look at them!"

"Relax, kid!" the man snapped. "We like your old man's bank. In fact, he's going to take us inside it tomorrow morning and open the vault for us!" He got up and went to the phone that connected with the Lodge office. "Hello—Mrs. Brook? Could you stop over to Mr. Hodges' cabin, please? Thank you." He turned to Mr. Hodges. "You'll tell her you're staying overnight, and leaving early in the morning. She can call your wife from the office. And no tricks when she comes in, or you'll regret it!"

There was no restraining the rascals in his hard eyes. Charlie saw his father's face go white and set. He himself felt half sick with fear, but at the same time he was thinking desperately of some way to let Mrs. Brook know what was going on. He sat in his father's chair, and stared at the keyboard of the typewriter.



He knew he couldn't slip Mrs. Brook a note without being seen—it had to be done openly. But how? Then, as he stared at the keyboard, he began to get an idea! He rolled a piece of paper into the machine and began to type. Instantly Smith—or Jones—was by his side. "Not a chance, kid," he growled. "No notes—get it!"

"I'm just doing my arithmetic!" Charlie told him. "See? It's just numbers. Every time we've up on a, Mrs. Brook gives me a lesson to help me. She'd think something was wrong if I didn't do it!"

"Well—okay," the man said grimly. "But I'm waiting you—[I'll check that before you give it to her!"]"

Trembling, Charlie went ahead with his typing, and when he was finished showed the sheet to the man. It read:

38	21	52	21	32	51	91	52	78
41	81	21	21	12	21	61	12	91
91	92	142	81	22	142	31	62	62
91	92		62	78		62	82	227
92	286		215			186	216	
32								
32								

The man handed back the sheet. "Okay," he said reluctantly. "You can give it to her, but no tricks!" He turned to Mr. Hodges. "You know what to tell Mrs. Brook. And if..."

Just then there was a light knock on the door, and Mrs. Brook entered. She glanced at the two men, then turned to Mr. Hodges. "Are

you all right?" she asked. "You look terribly upset!"

"Er . . . no, Mrs. Brook. I'm fine. I just wanted to tell you that we'll be staying overnight, and leave early in the morning. Would you please call my wife for me? Mr.—er—Smith, and Mr. Jones, here, have some business to discuss with me." He handed her some money, and then Charlie came up with his paper.

"Why—what's this, Charlie?" she asked.

"You know, Mrs. Brook—my arithmetic lesson," Charlie said sweetly. "Remember how you help me with it every time we're here? And I did it on the typewriter, too, so it's nice and neat, just like you told me to!"

"Oh—yes," Mrs. Brook said, her eyes searching Charlie's.

"We're busy, Mrs. Brook," the thin man said. "Would you mind leaving?" And Mrs. Brook went out, still holding Charlie's paper.

That afternoon started a year long Charlie's father paced up and down while the two men played cards. They all had dinner together and when Charlie and his father turned in that night, Charlie could hardly sleep, worrying whether Mrs. Brook had figured out his message. He didn't dare whisper to his father what he had done, for fear one of the men would hear. When he finally did doze off, it seemed but a moment before one of the men was shaking him roughly awake.

The thin man set in the back seat of the car on the drive back to the city, while his friend followed in the convertible. It was just before nine o'clock when they pulled up before the bank.

"Out, Mr. Hodges!" the thin man snapped. "You, too, kid! This is it!"

Then it happened. Charlie was shoved violently aside, four grim-faced men leaped on the two would-be robbers, and it was all over in a second.

It was only then, when the detectives were leading the men away, that Charlie was able to tell his father about the code he had worked out on the typewriter.

Can you figure out Charlie's code? Look at the typewriter keyboard, and Charlie's "arithmetic." See if you can work out his message before you read how it was done.

Mrs. Brook saw that Mr. Hodges was upset. And she was surprised when Charlie gave her his arithmetic lesson—that meant she hadn't believed him when he said before. And so, she had never told him to use a typewriter for it. Knowing that it is easier to add with a pencil and paper, rather than on a typewriter, she figured that this was a code worked out on a typewriter, so back in her office she looked at her own keyboard. She saw that there are three rows of letters, and a row of numbers above them. Under each number, the letters form three equal lines. Taking the first number as the message, she saw that the third letter diagonally below the number 1 was C. For 4, the first letter below the 4 was K. From there on, it was easy—work out the message for yourself! When you come to the number 41 in the message, you will see that there is no number 1 on the keyboard so small letter l is used for this in typewriting. Just take the first letter below where the 1 would be—that's Q. Charlie added up his own numbers just to make at last his arithmetic—the totals here nothing to do with the keyboard as the message. When Mrs. Brook read the message, of course, she called the police in the city, and they were waiting for the two men when they got there.



# "CHIEF BABY SITTER"



Your sister lives in a nice, quiet neighborhood, Chief.

Uh-huh. Hasn't changed much in the last two years I've been at sea.

**DENNIS!**  
**STOP THAT!**



Who's Dennis?

Let's see... that must be the Mitchell house. They had a little boy, I remember.



Wow! That kid must be a real terror!

Square your hat, sailor.. You're in for a real treat!



Look...I've handled some of the toughest guys in the Navy!  
I can take care of a little kid!

But DENNIS is DIFFERENT!



Forget about Dennis!  
You two have fun!

I'm sure YOU will.

So long, Chief... thanks!



RUH! If I can't take care of a little kid for a couple of hours...



Hi, Mr. Mitchell! I'm Sam Cowles, remember me?  
My sis is busy tonight, so I'm taking care of Dennis

Oh, yee, Sam... Nice to see you home!



Are you... er... do you think you can handle Dennis?

A little kid? Why, I've bossed the toughest, saltiest, meanest....



GANGWAY!

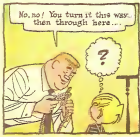
OUCH!



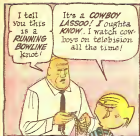






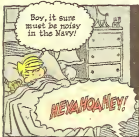




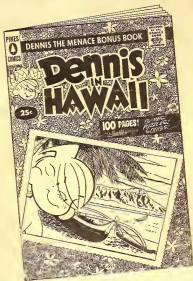


Nobody knows ropes like we do in the Navy! Here, I'll show you how to tie somebody up so he will never get loose.





**ON SALE SOON!**



**SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN—**

- Dennis goes down into a Volcano.
- Climbs a Mountain of Sugar.
- Rides a Catamaran.

**YOU CAN LEARN TO HULA... EVEN TALK HAWAIIAN**

**Get DENNIS IN HAWAII at your newsstand  
OUT SOON!**

